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ADDRESS

BEFORE

THE SONS OF TEMPERANCE:

PRONOUNCED IN LOUISVILLE,

July 4, 1846.

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BY REV. JOHN H. HEYWOOD,

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LOUISVILLE:

DRAPIER & NOBLE—FOURTH STREET PRINTING ROOMS.

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LOUISVILLE, JULY 6, 1846.

RESPECTED BROTHER :

At a meeting of the Sons of Temperance, held at the Hall after the return of the several Divisions from the Procession on the 4th inst., the following resolution was unanimously adopted :

" *Resolved*, That a Committee, consisting of the W. P.'s of the several Divisions of this city, be appointed, to communicate to Brother Heywood the thanks of this meeting for the forcible and beautiful Address to which we have just listened, and to request from him a copy for publication."

In performing this duty, the committee are compelled, in justice to themselves, to express their feelings of gratefulness for the dignified and noble eloquence with which you advanced the claims of the Order to the respect and interest of the community.

That you may long be preserved, to promote, by your sound precept and pure example, the cause of "Temperance, Benevolence, and Brotherly Love," is the sincere wish of your Brothers in Love, Purity and Fidelity,

F. W. PRESCOTT, W. P. Division No. 9.

J. S. LOCKE, W. P. Division No. 5.

A. E. DRAPIER, W. P. Division No. 10.

A. G. MUNN, W. P. Division No. 6.

A. W. VALLANDINGHAM, W. P. Division No. 7.

J. S. SPEED, W. P. Division No. 8.

REV. J. H. HEYWOOD.

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LOUISVILLE, JULY 7, 1846.

RESPECTED BROTHERS :

*With many thanks for the kind manner in which you have spoken of my Address, and in the hope that it may prove useful, I comply with your request, and herewith transmit a copy for publication.*

Your Brother in Love, Purity and Fidelity,

JOHN H. HEYWOOD.

F. W. PRESCOTT, W. P. Div. No. 9.

# ADDRESS.

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BROTHERS AND FELLOW CITIZENS :

THE day, whose anniversary we celebrate, was a sacred day. It was one of the great, the marked days of the world; marked, because it was devoted to the establishment of a great principle, the right and capacity in a people to exercise self-government. This principle was not then first advanced. Philosophy had again and again inscribed it upon her page; but *then* was it taken from the page, where it had remained a beautiful abstraction, and ushered into life. It is indeed a great principle; one of those principles which contain in themselves the seeds of revolutions. It is a principle which has given us a great and happy country.

Welcome then to the day which this sublime principle consecrates! and, as it returns from year to year, may it be met by the glad anthems of praise. All honor to the men who made it glorious! May we esteem it a pleasure and a solemn duty, from time to time, to revisit their graves, as Old Mortality visited the graves of the Covenanters, and deepen the lines which the finger of gratitude has inscribed upon their tombstones. Cold and unthankful should we be, not to acknowledge the debt due to them.

It is a lovely and interesting office of affection, to hang evergreen wreaths around the monuments of the patriot sires of the Republic; but is this all that we can do? Is it the highest tribute which we can pay their memory? Do we most truly honor them, *merely* by singing praises to them? If this were all, methinks it were poor honor; like



the honor paid to Liberty by the degenerate men of the Roman Empire, who composed orations in her praise, and at the same time bent suppliant knees to the despot who trampled liberty under foot. Our fathers not only felt for their country and spoke in its behalf, but *acted*. Deeds, deeds of heroism, of sacrifice and patriotism, formed their language, a language of burning eloquence, whose meaning was never misunderstood, whose force was never lost. They not only resolved, in legislative assembly, to have a country, but they went to work to obtain a country. They not only desired a country, but they desired a true, a happy country. For this end they lived, they toiled, and many of them died. If then we would honor our ancestors, let us not merely build splendid sepulchres to their memory, but let us do, in our day, the work which they did in theirs. Let us labor to make our country a true, a great, and a happy country. Let us be patriots.

Patriotism! What a thrilling interest hangs around that word. It is a magic word—an open sesame, at the utterance of which, the door of every heart is thrown open, and all noble and generous feelings start from their sleep, and spring into life. Now, what is patriotism, and who is the true patriot? Patriotism is, towards a country, that deep, reverential sentiment, which glows in a child's heart towards a parent; and the true patriot is he, who desires and who labors to secure his country's welfare. And in what consists the welfare of a country? What makes a true country? Not wealth; for, as in Mexico, a nation's wealth may be its curse. Not forms of government; for a nation may be ground to dust in the name of liberty. It is the character of its citizens. It is the men who make the country; not the country which makes the men. It was the great and good men of the Revolutionary era, who made our country great; who enabled her at once, as soon as born, to rank among the great nations of the world. As it was then, so is it now. In our citizens lies the character

of our country. The noblest institutions, the best governments, to us are nothing, without intelligent and virtuous men. In all countries intelligence and virtue are essential, but in ours vitally essential. They are not merely the beautiful ornaments, with which the Corinthian columns of our temple are adorned; they are the foundations on which those columns rest, the imperishable stone of which they are formed. With them, our country may exist for ages upon ages, to bless the world, a temple towards which the lovers of liberty from every clime, may reverently turn to worship; without them, it must crumble, like the republics of the old world, and leave merely ruins for despots to rejoice and patriots to weep over. He then is the true patriot, who seeks to promote intelligence and virtue; the peculiar, the solemn, the everlasting office of patriotism, is the creation of high-minded, intelligent, virtuous men.

We believe, therefore, that we are acting in accordance with the spirit of this our great national birth-day, in assembling as friends of Temperance; for, to our minds it is evident, that the success of the cause of Temperance is identified with the prosperity of our land. The country can truly prosper only when virtue and intelligence prevail, and they can prevail only where Temperance reigns.

It is the fashion of many to affect to look down upon the Temperance movement, and to speak of it with contempt. If they choose so to speak, let them speak; this is a free country, and a man has a perfect right to speak as he may; with the wisdom of a Solomon, if he can, or as a fool, if he will. But the fact of one's thus speaking about Temperance, does not necessarily prove him to be a Solomon, nor does it necessarily detract from the greatness of the cause. That cause may still be the cause of the country. Let us see. Certainly no one who has mind enough to comprehend, or heart enough to desire his country's welfare, can need many words to convince him that *that* welfare and the



cause of Temperance are intimately blended. For in what consists the welfare of a country? As every one sees, in its virtue, its intelligence, and its happiness. These are the three elements that constitute true national greatness. Without them, a country could not exist, or if it could exist, it would not be worth having. Now which of these elements can live under the blighting influence of intemperance? Can virtue flourish where intemperance prevails? Look at the records of crime in our land, and answer the question. Go to your prisons, living tombs; call forth their miserable inmates, and place them face to face with the fiend intemperance. Visit your cemeteries, where lie, in dishonored graves, the victims of vice and crime. Call the pale tenants forth, and let them also confront the fiend. What a fearful meeting. The imagination almost recoils from the sight. It is like the meeting, described by Milton, of Satan, Sin and Death, at the gates of Hell. Listen to the language addressed by the miserable offspring to their miserable sire: "It was thou," says the haggard murderer, "that didst inflame my brain, and nerve my arm to strike the deadly blow." "It was thou," says the adulterer, "who didst excite my passions, till in wild riot they were ready to trample on laws human and divine." "It was thou," says the robber, "who didst impel me to burst open the door of innocence, and cast the brand into the home of helplessness." And thus arise in fearful array crimes and vices of every name, to claim and curse intemperance as their Creator and Father. Of every vice is he the friend—the foe of every virtue.

Is intemperance the friend of intelligence? Can a drunken community be an intelligent community? To ask such a question is almost to insult a man of sense. For what is intelligence? It is the result of the exercise of the intellect, the mind; and can there be any such result of the exercise of the mind, when the mind itself is debased and rendered incapable of exercise?

Oh, intemperance! terrible are the sacrifices made upon thine altar! We are horror-struck at the thought of the wretched victims, crushed under the wheels of the car of Hindostan's bloody God; but what are these sacrifices compared with thine, insatiable Fiend! Thou canst not be content with the offering of bodies, but must feed thine inexorable fires with immortal minds! And what minds! Alas! not satisfied with dull and earthly creatures, whose highest ambition is to grovel, worm-like, in the dust, thou dost demand the sacrifice of minds of etherial nature and glowing with Heaven's purest flame. The mind of the physician, whose exalted office it is to become a co-worker with nature in her beneficent agencies; the mind of the mechanician, capable of penetrating nature's secret chambers, to learn there mysterious processes to be reproduced in inventions of wisdom and skill; the mind of the astronomer, at whose inquiries worlds would advance from the depths of infinity, and stand ready to repeat the story of their birth and unfold the laws of their being; the mind of the divine, to whose investigations the Scriptures would reveal unimagined stores of intellectual and spiritual wealth; the mind of the jurist, able to bring from the chancery of heaven, laws of equity to rule the affairs of earth; the mind of the poet, before whose rapt vision scenes of celestial loveliness would pass, from whose lips the magical words of creative genius might fall;—these, heaven's noblest, fairest gifts are thine, costly offerings on thy terrible altar. Let intemperance accomplish his work, let him triumph, and the cause of education must be forever lost—the human intellect will sink in sad, disastrous night.

Does intemperance promote the happiness of a nation? Go, read the tales of woe, inscribed in tears and blood, upon the tablet of many a heart. Ask that young man whose head is bowed in shame at witnessing a father's degradation, if he is happy. Ask that wife, who sits trembling and pale, through the long, drear night, till the very



stars, which had seemed to look with pitying eye upon her loneliness, disappear; ask her, as she sits, desiring yet fearing the return of him, who once in his manliness vowed to be her protector and friend, if she is happy. Ask the patriot, when he sees the soldier, who claims to be the guardian of his country's honor, reeling in loathsomeness or raging in delirium, if he is happy. Ask the wretched victim of this vice, when in his returning consciousness he fancies every eye turned away in scorn, and when in his degradation he scorns himself, if he is a happy man.

Intemperance produce happiness! Yes, when the Upas tree shall bear healthy fruit, and Vesuvius' lava-streams shall fertilize Italy's mourning soil.

Such is a faint picture of the influence of intemperance on the virtue, the intelligence, and the happiness of society. Before its hot breath they wither, as withers the green herb before the scorching blast from Africa's deserts; and when they are gone, what is left to a country? Nothing; nothing. There may yet be the form of a country, but it is like the bodies of which we read, that have been preserved for hundreds of years by some mysterious process, and apparently are as sound and fair as ever, but on being touched, crumble to ashes. Such is the community on which intemperance has done its work, a heartless, mindless, soulless form.

Say not that the cause which would avert these evils, which would meet and destroy this terrible foe, is an insignificant one, or one to be regarded with contempt. Would you have fit representatives of temperance and intemperance, these two antagonists who have made our country the scene of their fiercest conflicts? You have them in two men who acted conspicuous parts in the Revolutionary war. In Benedict Arnold, the traitor, whose name is ever sinking into lower and lower depths of a fathomless infamy, you have a perfect representative of intemperance. Perfect representative! No, not so; for the injury which

his treachery designed to inflict upon his country, is as nothing to the calamities which intemperance can bring, and means to bring upon our beloved land. Arnold would have given up one strong-hold, which might perhaps have been recovered; intemperance would betray every strong-hold, dismantle every fortress, and leave the land a prey to every foe.

And in whom shall we find a just representative of the temperance cause? In him, whose name is written in characters of light among the stars of heaven; whose memory is enshrined in every sanctuary of liberty, whose image is stamped on the great heart of mankind, and at whose tomb—

“Honor comes, a pilgrim grey,  
To bless the turf that wraps his clay,  
And Freedom doth awhile repair,  
To dwell a weeping hermit there.”

Yes, in WASHINGTON, the great, the good, we find a glorious representative of this sacred cause. In his devotion to his country's welfare, in his anxious endeavors to give her a commanding position among the nations of the world, are symbolized the spirit and purpose of the cause, which aims to save our country from every foe, and exalt her to the height of true greatness.

It was under the influence of motives, kindred to those which inspired Washington and the other patriots of the Revolution, that, about forty years since, some of the wisest and best citizens of the union were induced to make associated effort against intemperance. Proud were they of their government, the noblest ever framed by man, and grateful for their country, as lovely a country as the sun in his wide course shines upon, but they saw that a vice was spreading through the land, which would make the purest government a mockery, and dispel the visions, which had gladdened the heart of the patriot and philanthropist.



That was a dark day for feeling hearts and thinking minds. For a time despair almost prostrated the friends of the country, and they felt as, on a single occasion, Washington is reported to have felt, when, disheartened at the obstacles around, and the almost impenetrable gloom, which had settled over the nation's prospects, he was ready to rush recklessly into the thickest of the battle, and sacrifice a life, which could do no more for its native land. But as Washington threw off the momentary despair, and made new and more heroic efforts to save his country, so they roused themselves to new exertions, and planted themselves firmly against their country's foe.

It was from no narrow or mean feelings, that the first efforts against intemperance were made. Noble, expanded patriotism, genuine, disinterested love for country and humanity; these were the high motives which animated the first movers in the Temperance cause, and led them to rise against the deadly enemy. To many their efforts seemed useless, so widely extended and firmly based was his tyranny. But their exertions were not useless. No sincere and good action is ever lost. The mind of the community was aroused. The attention of the old and young, men and women, was arrested. Tens and hundreds and thousands united themselves to this new and truly American army. The cause steadily progressed. At times apparently it advanced rapidly, and at times apparently receded, but its course was ever onward. New and more commanding positions were occupied. The banners floated over many a hard fought field, and waved from the battlements of many an impregnable fortress.

Steadily, and with gratifying but not startling success, the cause advanced until in 1840, the community was surprised by one of the most wonderful movements of the age.—Then by an impulse, as viewless and apparently as resistless as the wind, thousands of persons, who had been regarded by others, who had regarded themselves, as in hope-

less bondage, arose in their might ; no, not *their* might, but in the might of God, burst and cast aside the fetters which had bound them, and stood forth redeemed and free men. Oh, then, how many a heart, which had almost ceased to beat under its pressure of hopeless anxiety, throbbed again with the buoyancy of new life ; how many a glad anthem burst from lips, which for years had given utterance to no emotion of joy ; and in how many an eye, which had long known only the scalding tear of agony, glistened the pearl of gratitude.

This happy movement gave birth to another. In 1842, some of the men, who had been deeply interested in the previous efforts, became desirous of forming an organization, which would give permanence to the results already obtained. They wished, moreover, to bring the great and social principle of benevolence, into immediate and constant connexion with the temperance cause. Hence resulted the society, whose badge we wear, the Order of the Sons of Temperance ; a society, which, though established less than four years ago, Sept. 29, 1842, already numbers 14 State Divisions, 650 subordinate Divisions, and more than 40,000 members. This astonishing success indicates how strong a hold the Order has already obtained in the affections of the community. Yet this success, though almost startlingly great, ought not to surprise us, for rarely, if ever, has a society been formed, possessed of so many attractive, so few repulsive features. In fact, I know of but one feature that can be seriously objectionable to any mind, its secrecy ; and to most minds this feature ceases to be objectionable, when the design of the secrecy is understood, which is, simply, to guard against imposition ; while, on the other hand, it has many features singularly attractive. Its services, while simple and unostentatious, are at once interesting and impressive. It is a powerful and efficient agent in counteracting and preventing the terrible influences of intemperance ; for not only does it propose to remove the



evil, already inflicted, but also to prevent the infliction of new evil, by cutting off its source. Its pledge is thorough and comprehensive. Its members bind themselves "neither to make, buy, sell, nor use as a beverage, spiritous or malt liquors, wine, or cider." It brings out into bold relief the grand principle of benevolence, in the provision, which, with wise forethought and truly Christian tenderness, it makes for the suffering and afflicted, the widow and orphan. Thus it recognises the solemn fact of human brotherhood, and is helping to solve the great problem, the most interesting of all the problems presented for solution in this age, the peaceful, yet thorough, re-organization of society, and its establishment on the basis of love, instead of selfishness.

Finally, the society is attractive, because it harmonizes with the generous spirit of our country. Here we meet on a common platform, irrespective of political and religious differences, and, breathing together the atmosphere of benevolence and charity, we forget, for a time at least, the alienations which embitter life and take away the charm of existence. These and other kindred features endear the society to its members, and cause us to regard with peculiar interest the neat and simple badge, in which are symbolized the three great principles of love, purity, and fidelity, which, we hope, may ever characterize the Order.

I have given this brief abstract of the history of the temperance cause, to show that it had no mean origin, and has no insignificant design. It had its birth in as high and noble motives as ever actuated human beings, and its end is no less than the welfare of a nation, of mankind. Tell me not that it is a tame and uninteresting cause; that, if successful, it will destroy the fascinations of social life, rob genius of excitement, and patriotism of enthusiasm. I know that under the exhilaration of the wine-cup, the social circle has often sparkled with wit and merriment; but I know, too, that *that* exhilaration has often been followed by the languor of exhaustion, and the

lethargy of mental and moral death. I know that genius has often sung under the inspiration of the sparkling glass; but I know, too, that that same genius, after flashing meteor-like, for a while, over the heavens, has sunk in endless night. Byron's genius burned and dazzled and bewildered for a time, but how soon have its beams grown pale. The genius of Milton, drank at the healthful spring, whence welled forth the crystal water, and *Paradise Lost* lives, and ever will live, to testify to the purity and power of his inspiration. I know that daring deeds have been performed under the excitement of strong drink; but I know, too, that no braver deeds were ever performed than by the chivalrous Marion, the partizan hero of the Revolution. It was from generous nature's cool fountain that he drank, and I have yet to learn, that his heart ever failed, or his arm was ever palsied in presence of his foes, though those foes came on in the confidence and inspiration of rum.

Tell me not that genius and patriotism need the aid of the wine-cup; their fires are of heavenly nature, kindled at heaven's altars, and shine by their own bright light. Tell me not that life requires the excitement of intemperance to become interesting. Has it not sources of undying interest in its holy affections, which throw a charm over home, and beauty over society; which array existence in glory? And never is its interest so intense, as when in the clear healthful air of temperance, these affections exhale a daily fragrance, and these powers expand in ever-fresh luxuriance.

Hail then to the sacred cause, the cause of virtue, intelligence and happiness! Could the venerable fathers of our land speak to us from the spirit world, they would pronounce heaven's blessings upon it, as the cause of our country, of mankind. While living on earth, their country was ever present to their minds, an angel-form, venerable in dignity, lovely in beauty, and with a countenance radiant with heavenly purity. Such she floated before



them, to gladden in the hour of triumph, to cheer in the moment of gloom; such she revealed herself in the season of solitude, when the rapt mind sought to penetrate the future, and such she appeared, when the eye turned its last fond glance on earthly things.

Heroically they lived; happily they died; for the vision of a virtuous, an enlightened, and a happy country was ever before them.

Let the generation, now living, be faithful to its duty, and, by the blessing of God, their hopes shall be fulfilled, their visions realized. Our country shall run a career of true glory. Its course shall be, not the meteor's, which burns to destroy, but the course of the beneficent sun, whose beams warm and enlighten a world.